

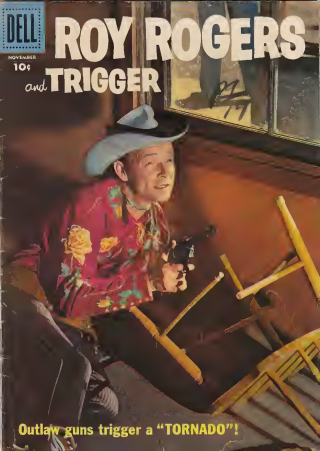
DELL

ROY ROGERS

10¢

and

TRIGGER



Outlaw guns trigger a "TORNADO"!

Dottie's a dancer who's really hep!
She does every fancy dancing step.
To give her that crazy rock 'n' roll pep -
Nothing does it like Seven-Up!



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"OUT OF STEP 'cause you're feelin' tired? Lively 7-Up gives you new 'up-and-at-'em' pep! You get new energy in 2 to 6 minutes. Rock right out and bring some home!"



*"Fresh up" with
Seven-Up!*



ROY ROGERS and BULLET TORNADO

LATE ONE NIGHT IN THE TOWN OF ELINTON .



BULLET, EMERGING FROM THE SHADOWS, ALWAYS JANGLES.

OH-OH! THAT DOG'S BARKING COULD MEAN TROUBLE!



FAST BULLY FAST
THAT ANIMAL GET

NEVER HAD THAT! ME'VE GOT
MOST OF THE NIGHT! LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!



MEANWHILE, BOY MEETS WITH GARDNER OF JAMES.

I TELL YOU, BOY... RAISING A BOY LIKE TARRANT
NOT AS EASY AS I THOUGHT! SEEMS THAT...



SUDDENLY BOY HEARS... THAT SOUNDS LIKE BULLET!



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

BULLET IN BARROW
OUTSIDE. HA!

STAY HERE, SON' OF-A-BITCH!
I'LL SEE WHAT'S WRONG!



IN FRONT OF THE BANK.

LET'S RIDE!

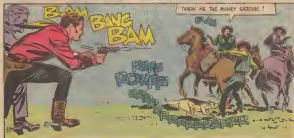


THE BANK!...OUTLAWS!

COME ON!

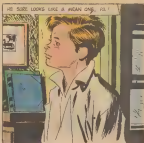


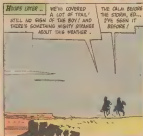
HEY! LET
GO OF ME!



THROW ME THE MONEY SATCHEL!

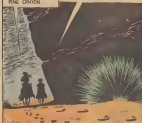






LOOKS LIKE HE'S
HEADED FOR
PINE CANYON

I HOPE THOSE OUTLAWS
AREN'T RIDING THE SAME WAY!



MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY...

SURE IS HOT OUT HERE, BULLET! NOT EVEN
A WHISPER OF MY BRIDE... BUT WE'VE GOT
DYING UP...



NO, SIR! NOT UNTIL WE FIND THOSE OUTLAWS AND
PROVE TO RA. I'M NOT A **KID** ANYMORE!



NEAR SUNSET, IN PINE CANYON...

THERE'S NOT A CHANCE ANYONE'LL FIND US HERE,
BULLET! HE WON'T TALK!



SURPRISE! TOMMY RINGS UP AS HE SEES

HOPE CORN! THE OUTLAWS...



TOMMY MOVES CLOSER AND JOKES...

WE'VE SAID TALK
MORNING! THEN WE
DUE TO THE SCORCH!

I'LL BE GLAD TO GET TOMMY!
WE GOT A LOT OF MONEY
TO SPEND!



IT **MUST** BE THE OUTLAW, BELLET! WAIT'LL
WE GET BACK AND TELL PA AND BOB! WILL
THEY BE SURPRISED!



HURTING BACK TO HIS HOTEL, TOMMY THOUGHT...



AND THE FALL WOULD RUN OUT...



DID YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?

NO! QUIET IMAGINING THINGS! IT'S
QUIET AS A SUNDAY...



TOMMY'S WHAT I MEAN...
IT'S TOO QUIET... AND
THIS WEATHER ISN'T
NORMAL. IT GIVES
ME THE CREEPS!

STOP WORRYING! AND
GET SOME SLEEP... WE'VE
GOT A LOT OF RIDING TO
DO TOMORROW!



RAND HOPES THE JOURNALS
THAT HIS FATHER'S JERSEY
WERE WELL-PROTECTED
AND WITH HAPPY REASSURANCE
ONLY BELLE IS AWARE OF
THE DANGER THAT LOOMS
ON THE HORIZON. A BLACK
FUNNEL-SHAPED CLOUD,
ONE OF NATURE'S MOST
DREADFUL FORCES
A TORNADO!



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY BOY AND ED SPOT
THE TORNADO...

LOOK, ED! ON THE
HORIZON! A
TORNADO!

AND IT'S MOVING THE WAY!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND MY BOY
AND SOON!



THE TWO MEN RODE TOWARD THE CANYON, A FORCE
AGAINST TIME



BELLE BARKED LOUDLY WHEN THE FALLEN BOY AT EDWIN TAPPED TOWARD THEM.



A BOY AND AN OLD JONES HEED THE CHIEF, THROGG
SUDDENLY REARS.

THROGG HEARS SOMETHING!



MEANWHILE, ATTRACTED BY BULLETS BARK, DICK
MOUNTS THE ROCKY SLOPE TO SEE.

REAR! LOOK! A THORND
HEADING THIS WAY!



COME ON, THROGG! BACK TO THE BOY!



THE OUTLAW HAVE A DISPERSED CHANCE TO SHOOT.

INTO THIS HOLE! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



BOY AND OLD JONES HEED THE CHIEF, THROGG
SUDDENLY REARS, GAINING MOMENTUM AND FORCE.

FASTER, THROGG!
WE'VE GOT TO HAVE IT!



HEAD FOR THE ROCKS! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE COVER!



HERE SHE
COMES!

STAY DOWN!
DON'T MOVE!

WH - WHAT
HAPPENED?



JUST A FEW YARDS FROM THE TWO OUTLAW'S, BOY JOE, AND TOMMY DICK COVER AS THE VIOLENT
CHORING MASS OF WIND AND HOWLING WHIRLS OVER THEM...



As the tornado passes over, a large rock is lifted...

HEY! WE'RE TRAPPED!



TIGGER GALLOPS TOWARD THE TWO MEN...



"THOSE BANE HORSES!" I FOUND THEM, PA! LOOK!



DID THAT GUN AND THAT BOAT MAKE YOU ARE!



SOON, THE OUTLANDS ARE FRIED AWAY FROM THE MOLE...

YOU SURE HAVE OF A BANE SON! I HOPE YOU'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN!

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO PROVE I WASN'T A KID, PA! BUT NOW...



HOW WHAT, TONY? HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND?

YES, DID I... I THINK I'M GOING TO STAY A KID A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.



Roy's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



Men of the old West did not carry guns for show, for bluff, or because it was the custom — they used them! As years passed, stories that were more fiction than fact grew up about these guns and the men using them. For instance, that old story about a gunman firing six quick shots.



A reliable man kept five bullets in his gun-shooter—the hammer down on the empty chamber. A man carrying a fully loaded gun was liable to shoot himself in the leg.



Another tale tells of a West swarming with two-gun men. Actually, few men were skillful enough to master the use of a gun in each hand — most men were single guns.



"Fanning" a gun, or firing it by holding it in one hand and hitting the hammer with the other, was also a rarity. A man might "fan" for fun—not with his life at stake!



Firing from the hip was another bit of stunt shooting. A man in real trouble dared not risk a bad shot — he pulled his gun, aimed with desperate precision, and fired!

Roy Rogers' Horse

TRIGGER

THE CAPTIVES

SA,
CARLITO!

ONE DAY HIS
DAD WORKS
HARDMAN IS
OUT RIDING
AND HE
HAPPENS
ON.

OH LOOK AT THE
NICE HORSES GRAND-
FATHER! THEY ARE
VERY BEAUTIFUL!



THEY ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL,
INDEED! AND NO MAN IS
TAKE PRISONER!

WHERE DO
THEY COME
FROM,
GRANDFATHER?

THEIR HOME IS ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!
EVERY SO OFTEN THEY COME DOWN
INTO THE CANYON—BUT THEY
NEVER STAY VERY LONG!



BUT COME, LITTLE
ONE! WE MUST GET
BACK TO THE MOUNTAIN!
THERE IS WORK
TO DO!

SA, GRAND-
FATHER!

LATER, AS DAD AND HIS GRANDFATHER RIDE THROUGH
THE WOODS AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN

WHAT IS
HIS
CHILD?

I DON'T KNOW! TRIGGER
KEEPS PULLING AT THE REINS!
I THINK HE WANTS TO GO
INTO THE WOODS!





AS THE TWO MEN WELD THE ROPES SECURELY
GRANDFATHER ENTERS THE RING...



IT IS GOOD FOR THE MARE AND THE COLT
THAT THOSE ROPES HOLD THEM!—NOW COME,
CHIEF! WE WILL TAKE THEM BACK TO
THE RANCH!



I DON'T THINK SHE LIKES THE IDEA OF
GOING TO THE RANCH, GRANDFATHER!

SHE IS JUST
FRIGHTENED! SHE
WILL CALM DOWN
IN A FEW DAYS!



SOON, BACK AT THE BOY'S RODEO RANCH...

MAVING OTHER BOY WILL NOT
WANT TO KEEP THE MARE AND
HER COLT! PERHAPS HE WILL
LET THEM GO BACK TO
THE PEGAS!

WE WILL
SEE,
CHIEF!



THAT NIGHT...

YOU ARE VERY QUIET
THIS EVENING, LITTLE
ONE! IS SOMETHING
WRONG?

NO—I GUESS I AM
JUST TIRED!—I THINK I
WILL GO TO BED EARLY!



BUT CINDY DOES NOT GO TO BED

QUICKLY, CINDY RINGS TOWARD THE CORRAL



BUT AS HE ROUNDS THE CORNER OF THE CORRAL ...



GRANDFATHER!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

CINDY! WHY
ARE YOU HERE?

I—I CAME
TO FEEL THE
WIND AND THE
LITTLE ONE! I
THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE WISE
IF THEY COULD
GO BACK TO
THEIR MAMA!

I THOUGHT THE SAME AS YOU, MY
GRANDSON! I KNOW THAT BEFORE YOU
WOULD FEEL THAT WAY, TOO!



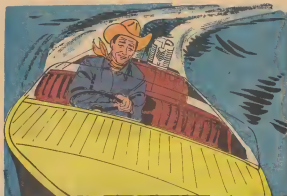
GRANDFATHER! IT
IS TRUCKER—HE
IS OPENING THE
CORRAL GATE!

AY! HE
SEEMS TO
KNOW OUR
FEELINGS!



THEY ARE
HERE NOW!

YES! AND HOW GOOD IT IS WE ALL
KNOWED THEY SHOULD BE HERE!



SPEEDBOATING WITH ROY

Fast with a gun, fast on a horse, and fast in a speedboat — that's Roy Rogers. Far in his spare time, Roy's favorite recreation is riding the waves in his craft, "Miss Yellowjacket."

"Miss Yellowjacket" is a sleek plywood skiff, eighteen feet in length. Powered by twin 25 horsepower engines, she is capable of speeds up to fifty miles an hour and she can turn on a dime.

Roy is proud of his boat and races her every chance he gets. Clipping over the waters of the Pacific, Roy competes with the other members of the speedboat association to which he belongs. The races are run along the Pacific coast, as far south as San Diego and as far north as Astoria. In 1956, Roy roared to the finish line the winner, after a grueling 120-mile race over a rough sea.

In a recent race, Roy succeeded in placing third in a class of twenty competing speedboats, in spite of the fact that for a good part of the race, "Miss Yellowjacket" was running on only one of her two engines.

But in speedboat racing, speed alone is not enough. A good boat must pass the endurance test, and "Miss Yellowjacket" has passed with flying colors. Climbing into his boat in Denison, Texas, Roy whirled her down the Red River over a thousand miles to New Orleans, Louisiana — in seven days, waging a constant fight against high waters and rough weather.

Though she was born to be a racer, "Miss Yellowjacket" is perfect for family outings, and the whole Rogers family looks forward to the days when Roy pulls the throttle and "Miss Yellowjacket" roars out across the waves.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



"THINK BACK ABOUT
WAS A COLLEGE
PROFESSOR BACK
DID ONE SUMMER,
HE CAME OUT WEST
FOR A VISIT."

A CHUCK WAGON STORY BY BOB FOSTER



"AT ONE, AND HE WENT INTO A BAND OF MIGHTY MEN
UP IN MOUNTAIN TERRITORY."

"HE TOLD ONE OF
THOSE PROFESSOR
FELLOWS" -- "YES
"TALK ANYTHING
SPECIAL?"

"YES! I'M A PROFESSOR OF
ANTHROPOLOGY, SPECIALIZING
IN THE LIFE AND HISTORY
OF THE AMERICAN
INDIAN."

"LIVERY
STABLE"



"WHY, I KNOW
ABOUT ABOUT INDIANS
TALK TO INDIANS
WHEN THEY COME."

"NO! NO! NO! THAT'S
A GOOD ONE. -- I
BEEN ABOUT INDIANS
FOR TWENTY YEARS,
AND I'M JUST
BEGINNING! TO
KNOW SOMETHING
ABOUT 'EM."



"YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE
THAT... BESIDES, I'VE READ EVERY
BOOK THAT'S EVER BEEN WRITTEN
ABOUT INDIANS, AND..."

"BOOKS ABOUT INDIANS?
THERE ISN'T ANYBODY
THAT KNOWS EVERYTHING
ABOUT INDIANS!"



"NONSENSE! -- I BET IF I PRESSED THE FACT,
I COULD FOOL ANY INDIAN AND THINKING I WAS
A REAL COUNTRY BOY."



"YOU SERIOUS
ABOUT INDIANS?
SET ON THAT,
SON?"

"OF COURSE I AM! YOU JUST HELP ME
GET AN INDIAN DUTCH, A WIDOW, AND A
LITTLE ONE, AND YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF
A BUNGE!"

22
LITTLE LATER, AFTER THE ACCOUNTANT HAD KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT ABOUT THE BARBECUE...

HE HADN'T SETTLED THE AMOUNT OF THE BET! — HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO MAKE IT?

I'LL NEVER TAKE PENCE OF GOLD THAT YOU DON'T FORGIVE ANY INDIANS!



I SWEAR IT VERY MUCH! IT CERTAINLY IS THE REAL THING. WHY DO YOU ASK?

OH... NO REASON!



WHAT YOU MEAN BY THAT?

WHAT ARE YOU? IF YOU DON'T KNOW NOW, YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!



AND IF I LOSE, I'LL GIVE YOU THE CASH EQUIVALENT OF THAT GOLD! THAT SOUND FINE?

YES! IT SOUNDS FINE!... BY THE WAY, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE OUTFIT I GOT UP FOR YOU?



HE LOOKS PRETTY GOOD — — EVEN AMERICA LIKE AN INDIAN GUY!... I THINK YOU'VE LOST YOURSELF A BET, JIM!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! I JUST GAVE THE YOUNG FELLOW A CHANCE TO WIN, BUT HE MISSED IT!



I'LL RIDE OUT TO THE CHEYENNE CAMP OUTSIDE OF TOWN! YOU MEET ME THERE IN AN HOUR, AND FIND OUT IF YOU WON YOUR BET — — OR LOST IT!

FINE, SON! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



"PRETTY SOON, DANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN! PLEASE!"

"A! WHEN THE CURTAIN DROPS, YOU WILL BE
GREETED BY — AND OVERCOME! BACK A
PERFECT CURTAIN!"



...I AM SHOT LIGHTNING OF THE SOUTHERN
CURTAIN! I HAVE BEEN RIDING FOR MANY
MILES!

IT IS GOOD THAT YOU HAVE
COME, SHOT LIGHTNING! IT
IS MANY YEARS SINCE OUR
PEOPLE HAVE SEEN EACH
OTHER!

THEY WERE BOTH GLAD AND TO WALK A MILE WITH
HIM THEY SET FORWARD AND TALKED FOR A WHILE

OUR PEOPLE HAVE MUCH TROUBLE WITH
THE FOWNS! THEY EAT AT NIGHT AND
STEAL OUR HORSES!

WE TOO,
HAVE SUCH
TROUBLE!



I WAS TOLD IT WAS BETTER TIME
TO GO — AN! IT LOOKED LIKE HE
WAS REALLY ON HIS!

I MUST LEAVE
NOW, WHITE
BEAR!

I AM GLAD YOU
HAVE COME! YOU
ARE WELCOME
HERE!

BEHIND, AND WHITE BEAR'S WOODS.

I THINK WE CAN GO TO THE VILLAGE
NOW, SOON! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH TIME!





A MATTER OF NERVE



Note Harkness squinted his cruel eyes and peered ahead. Then suddenly, he spurred his horse forward along the narrow wooded trail and came to a stop beside a tall oak tree.

"Another one," Note growled under his breath, as he reached out to tear a wanted poster from the tree. "Seems like they've got these things plastered on every tree in the west!"

Note glanced slightly as he looked at his own picture on the poster. Sure enough, the reward on his head was now up to five thousand dollars, and why not? He was the shickest bank robber in these parts, and not only that, but the fastest draw, too boot.

Still, he did not relish having his likeness scattered so far and wide — not that it looked too much like him now. He had done a little altering to be on the safe side: shaved off his mustache, trimmed his sideburns, and things like that.

Note crumpled the poster and threw it to the ground, then reined his horse away from the tree.

Suddenly, Note froze as a voice sounded behind him. "Up with your hands, mister! And no ticks!"

Note turned slowly to see a young man holding a gun level with his gun belt.

"Who are you?" Note asked, a grin pulling at his lips, as he contemplated the obviously inexperienced lawman.

"Deputy Sheriff Red Allen!" the other answered calmly. "And I'm taking you in! Toss your gun to the ground!"

Note shifted uncomfortably as his hand lowered. He did not like the tone of the kid's voice. It was too steady, too calm. Note had faced dozens of greenhorns like this, in various situations. Some of them had even challenged him to a draw, hoping to gain prestige by killing him. However, in the bravest of them, there was always



something in their voice, that almost audible quivering . . . uncertainty.

Note's hand automatically touched his gun butt, and he started to draw — but the cool, steady eyes of the young deputy made him hesitate momentarily. Note had never seen such calmness nor lack of fear in the eyes of any man who had faced him with a gun. Instead, Allen's eyes were steadfast and sure.

Slowly, Note drew his gun from the holster and let it fall to the ground!

"That's better!" Allen said weily. "Now start riding ahead of me, back to Taze!"

Note obeyed, still wondering why he had dropped his gun, why he had not shot it out with the kid. The deputy had to be a smart one, Note reasoned, or he could not have been so calm. It was better to go back to Taze a prisoner than a dead man.

The sun was sinking as the two rode into Taze and headed for the sheriff's office.

Minutes later, Allen pushed the door open and waved Note inside. "Got a customer for you, sheriff," Allen casually announced.

Sheriff Brand looked up from his desk. Flinging his gun, he sprang to his feet.

"Great work, Allen!" he gasped. "We've been looking for this hombre for months! But you . . . just a few weeks as my deputy . . . how did you ever manage to bring in Note Harkness, the most dangerous bank robber we've ever had around here?"

Allen's eyes widened as he stared at the sheriff. Turning slowly to look at Note, words of perspiration broke out on Allen's brow and his voice quavered. "Harkness! But . . . I didn't know it was him!"

"What?" Sheriff Brand exclaimed. "Then why'd you bring him in?"

"Well, I caught him tearing down a wanted poster," Allen gasped, "and you know that is against the law, sheriff!"

ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

The TEMPTATION of SAM McGRAW

ON HIS WAY TO TEND HIS COWS, ROY ROGERS STOPS TO SEE HIS FRIEND, SAM MCGRAW...

AWWY TAKE, SAM! WON'T...



SURPRISE, SAM MCGRAW...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
--OH! IT'S YOU, BOY!



SAM! WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU?

I'M -- I'M SORRY! YOU
STARTLED ME, BOY!



YOU WERE SAID TO
STARTLE SO EASY!
IS ANYTHING NEW?

N--NO! I'VE HAD A LOT
ON MY MIND LATELY! GUESS
I'M JUST A LITTLE JUMPY!



I COULDN'T BE TO SEE IF
YOU WANTED TO COME IN
TO THE SECTION WITH ME!

NO--! DON'T THINK SO!
I'VE GOT A LOT TO DO NOW!
BUT IF YOU SEE A HAZARD
AT A GOOD PRICE, WILL YOU
GET IT FOR ME?





AL BOY IS CALLED THUNDER BOLT AN ALABAMA



BUT THE MAN KNOCKED BOY

LONG BACK HERE!



...AND FINISHES WITH A WILD ROUNDHOUSE KICK ...



... WHEN BOY RETURNS!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
THAT'S MY SADDLE!

WRONG! I JUST
BOUGHT IT!



THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER! THIS IS
MY SADDLE ALL RIGHT! HE
JUST BOUGHT IT AT THE AUCTION!

I -- I GUESS I
MADE A MISTAKE!
IT DOES LOOK
LIKE MINE! -- OH
SORRY, MISTER!



BOTH OF THOSE WORKERS WERE MIGHTY INTERESTED IN THE SADDLE! A LITTLE TOO INTERESTED! THINK I'LL LOOK IT OVER AND SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT WHY!



SO THIS IS IT!—I REMEMBER WHAT THEIR GAME IS? ...WELL, IF I'VE GOT THEM FIGURED RIGHT, I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



MEANWHILE, A LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY...

BOY, YOU'RE REAL STUPID—TRYING TO STEAL THE SADDLE WITH HIM ON! A POW FOOT JURY!

I DON'T THINK IT WAS SO STUPID! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MUCH LONGER BELONG HIM OUT OF IT!



AT LEAST WE'VE TRACED THE SADDLE THIS FAR! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM AND WAIT FOR THE CHANCE TO TAKE IT! COME ON!



LATER, BOY RETURNS TO SAM HIGGINS'S DENCH...

LOOKS LIKE NO ONE'S HOME!—I'LL JUST LEAVE THE SADDLE HERE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS! I'M PRETTY SURE THOSE TWO FOLLOWED ME OUT OF TOWN!



AND BOY IS RIGHT...

HEY, LOOK, CHIMBES! HE LEFT THE SADDLE RIGHT ON THE CORRAL FENCE AND RODE AWAY!

WELL, A BUGH! LET'S GO GET IT!



WE'LL JUST HIDE RIGHT HERE IN
THE BUSH, TENSED -- AND WAIT!



SHORTLY... THERE THEY ARE -- THEY DIDN'T
WASTE ANY TIME!



THIS IS SMALLER'S OLD
BAGGLE, ALL RIGHT! HERE'S
THE MAP JUST LIKE HE
SAID!

YOU GUYS WERE SMART
MURKIN! FRIENDS WITH
THAT SMALLER BOY
WHEN HE WAS IN JAIL!
-- WITH HIM BEING IN
THE LIFE AN'...



GOOD TALKIN' SO MUCH AND LOOK! THE MAP TAKES
OFF FROM CHIMNEY BUTTE -- THAT'S NOT FAR
FROM HERE! -- GRAB THE BAGGLE AND LET'S GO!



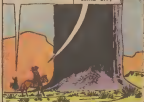
LOOKS LIKE THOSE TWO ARE GOING TO FOLLOW UP
THAT MAP RIGHT NOW! -- IF I TAKE A SHORT
CUT TO CHIMNEY BUTTE, I CAN BEAT THEM THERE!



BUT HE RUNS RIES BY CHIMNEY BUTTE...

HEY BOY! YOU'VE JUST
THE MAN I WANTED TO
SEE -- I'VE GOT SOME-
THING TO TELL YOU!

SAM M'GROW!! GIVE
IT FOR LATER, SAM!
I NEED YOUR HELP!
COME ON!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!
JUST COME WITH ME!



HURRY, GARY! I'VE
YOUR HORSE IN
TART BUSH!

BUT, BOY... WHY -- WHY ARE
WE STOPPING HERE? ...AND
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A HARRY?



HERE -- I'LL GIVE
YOU A BOOST!

OHAY! NOISED THE BOSS.
BUT I DON'T GET IT!



LOOK, BOY AND SON! HERE'S THEIR DESTINATION...

THERE IT IS! A BIG OAK TREE BY A BARBED WIRE
FENCE -- EXACTLY AS THE MAN SPOKE! NOW TO
FIND OUT WHAT THOSE TWO HAVE TO FIND HERE!



I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE, GARY --
BUT I AM TO FIND OUT!



BOY... THERE'S SOMETHING
I HAVE TO TELL YOU!...

OHAY! NO TALKING!
THEY'RE COMING NOW!



THAT'S THE SIXTH TIME AND
THE FENCE — THAT'S THE
END OF THE MAP! AND
ACCORDING TO DWALLEY
WELL AND FIFTY THOUS-
AND BUCKS HE GOT ON
THAT LAST BARK LOG!

DWALLEY WAS SURE
WALLY — CARRYING A
KID ON HIS SHOULDER,
SO HE WOULDN'T ESCAPE
WHILE HE HAD THAT
BARK MONEY!



WE WOULDN'T DARED ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF A LIFE
SENTENCE FOR STEALING THAT BARK MONEY!
— HERE! START PUSSEY WHILE I CUT THAT BARK!



THE FENCE, END...

THAT DOUBLE-CROOKED
DWALLEY! THE MONEY'S
NOT HERE!

KEEP PUSSEY! I SAY
IT'S GOT TO BE! DWALLEY
WOULDN'T LIE TO ME! I
KNEW HIS FRIENDS! — TRY
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE FENCE!



I CAN'T SIGN UP HERE
MUCH LONGER! MY LEGS
ARE BEGINNING TO CRAMP!

CRAMP — THE HATED WHAT
I WANTED TO KNOW!
LET'S TAKE THEM!



SURPRISING, BUT SHE CAN LEAP!



AND THEIR SURPRISE ATTACK IS SUCCESSFUL...



YOU PLAY PRETTY
ROUGH, ROGERS!
ALL THINGS AN'
AS DID NOLA TAKE
YOUR SAVVY!

FINGERS! YOU WOULDN'T
FEAR FINGERS WALKER...AND
YOU WOULDN'T BE CLETE HENRY
WOULD YOU?—I HEAR YOU
TWO JUST ESCAPED FROM STATE
PRISON!



I'M NOT SAYIN'
ANYTHING ELSE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO! I'M SURE
THE SHERIFF WILL HAVE SOME
WANTED POSTERS ON YOU!



JUST THEN, WITH A SIGHTING MOVE, FINGERS BRINGS
THE WHITE SCREAMING SNAKE, AND SCREAMING BOY...



OHAY, CLETE! THE LIP ROGERS! WE'LL PUT THIS
OTHER ONE TO WORK PRISON!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, BOY IS TIED WITH A BRANDED
TENDON.

A PAIR OF WHITE CUTTERS ON THE
FENCE POST! IF I CAN JUST GET
MY HANDS ON THEM!



GOT 'EM!



SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, BOY CUTS THE RANSOM BUNDLE AND THE MONEY AND BUNTS HIS MOVE



HE KEEPS HISSELF AWAY FROM THE BUNDLE AND...



"ALL RIGHT YOU TWO!... NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO RUN! WE WANT TO TAKE THAT MONEY BACK TO WHATEVER BANK IT WAS STOLEN FROM!"

"THERE'S NO COUNT ON BIDDING, BOY! I'VE ONLY BEEN BIDDING TO KILL FOR TIME!... LIKE I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU..."

"A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN I WAS PUTTING IN A NEW RACE POST, I FOUND THE MONEY! I HAD A HUNCH IT WAS STOLEN, BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN GETTING LOOSE, SO I KEPT IT..."

"SO THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN SO JUMPY!"



"BUT! BUT MY CONSCIENCE WAS BOTHERING ME SOME-THING AWFUL -- AND TWO MORNING, I TOOK THE MONEY TO THE CLERK!"

"I'M TROUD OF YOU, GAMB! -- LOOKS LIKE THESE TWO WANT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO BRING SOME THING TWO NIGHT THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!"



A PLEDGE  TO PARENTS

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Roy's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



The bedroll is one of the cowboy's most valued possessions, for it is his home when he is out on the trail. About seven feet long and eighteen feet wide, it is held together by an arrangement of snaps and rings, and contains two quilts.



Often the cowboy awakes to find his bedroll covered with snow, but the waterproof canvas keeps him dry and the snow acts as insulation, keeping him warm.



A true cowboy always dresses from top to bottom, a habit which comes from sleeping in the cold outdoors and dressing as he leaves his bedroll.



The bedroll also serves as the cowboy's safe deposit box, and anyone found fooling around another man's roll will have a lot of explaining to do.



When moving camp, it is each cowboy's responsibility to load his bedroll onto the chuck wagon. Otherwise, the cook will simply drive off and leave it behind.

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